



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

A HANDSOME PICTURE FREE
We will mail postpaid a handsome picture, entitled "THE DITATION," in exchange for 14 Large Lion Heads, cut from Lion Coffee wrappers, and a 2-cent stamp to pay postage. Write for list of our other fine premiums, including books, a knife, game, etc. **WOODROW BACE CO.,** 400 Madison St., Toledo, Ohio.

"HANG SASH CURTAINS"
On strings or old fashioned rods put up with screws or tacks. If you want to define wood work, if not order SIMPLEX SASH CURTAIN RODS, which make no mark on casing. Put up in a moment by anyone—no skill required. Priced for 25 cents each, strings or money order. Write for complete catalog. **C. F. HILBERT, Freeport, Ill.**

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Send for free pamphlet containing specimen pages. **G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass., U.S.A.** Do not buy cheap copies of this dictionary elsewhere.

Unlike the Dutch Process No Alkalies
Other Chemicals are used in the preparation of **W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa** which is absolutely pure and soluble. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with starch. Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED. Sold by Grocers everywhere. **W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.**

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE
IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.
\$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH ENAMELLED CALF. \$4.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO. \$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES. \$2.50 22 WORKINGMEN EXTRA FINE. \$2.12 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES. \$1.45 LADIES' BEST DONGOLA. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. **W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.**
You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas \$3.00 shoe. Because, we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high priced and the middleman's profit. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

Signs of Health.
You don't have to look twice to detect them—bright eyes, bright color, bright smiles, bright in every action. Disease is overcome only when weak tissue is replaced by the healthy kind. Scott's Emulsion of cod liver oil effects cure by building up sound flesh. It is agreeable to taste and easy of assimilation.



MY MOTHER'S MEMORY.

There is one bright star in heaven,
Ever shining in my sight,
God to me one guide has given,
Like the sailor's beacon light.
Set on every shoal and danger,
Sending out its warning ray,
To the homebound, weary stranger,
Looking for the landlocked bay.
In my farthest, wildest wanderings
I have turned me to that love,
As a diver 'neath the water,
Turns to watch the light above.
—John Boyle O'Reilly.

MY JO, JOHN.

BY HELEN B. MATHERS.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

With the irritability of a sick mind, his thoughts flew to Pigeonwick, and by contrast with what he actually beheld, there showed to him the warm meadow-side where he and Mary always went to look for early violets, and, vividly fresh, he seemed to smell the clear pure scent of the primroses that grew in patches in the woods, great clusters that sat in the midst of their green leaves as in baskets, and which Mary often dug up bodily and transplanted to her garden.

But all that was Mary's now—and this park was his, to come and go in as he willed, with its weeded paths, its costly flower-beds, and its smart and shabby crowd, that cared nothing for him, and only appraised him by his coat, and very little at that.

A little wind sprang up as he turned out of the park gates, and seemed to hustle him, and push him rudely about, and indeed he had a sort of half-dressed, half-furnished feeling about him, and he wondered why it was, till he remembered that this was the first time for years he had ever come into the park without Mary's hand on his arm.

He shuddered with a sudden sense of mental and physical cold, as a man may who, all enveloped in the summer warmth of home love, finds himself suddenly thrust out into the street—alone.

As he stood waiting to cross the exit from the park, a lady suddenly drew up her "rats" and accosted him.

It was Lady Blanche, with a little boy on either side of her—no woman ever more sedulously flattered the domesticities in the eyes of society than did she—and there was a little scorn as well as kindness in the glance she flashed upon the tall, sad-faced man.

"Did you get my note?" she said. "This afternoon, then, at five," and whirled away, leaving folks to wonder why the bare-headed chap, gazing at her, seemed to have forgotten to put on his hat.

CHAPTER III.

No. 300 Harley street was not one of those fashionable houses in which the master occupies the dressing-room, and madame entertains gentlemen at afternoon tea; nor was the one addicted to dining at his club, and the other to "doing" a little dinner and play with a friend. The house in fact, was conducted more on the lines of a country than a town one, so that when on a particular evening the clock had struck eight, and the colonel was not yet in, something like consternation reigned in the kitchen, while apprehension sat in state upstairs in the drawing-room.

Dinner was served at last, and Mary sat up to it valiantly, having got over her tears in the morning, and made, during the past hour, a little resolution that while comforting her marvellously did her heart and mind credit.

How dull it was without him! How entirely was she at a standstill now she had not him to nag at, and nagging with Mary was a brand-new accomplishment, and, like all new acquisitions, required to be thoroughly well aired while it was fresh!

She had lately come near to positively hating him, yet she felt tonight how infinitely better was his despondent presence than his empty chair. A little absence will sometimes serve a man in kinder stead than whole volumes of spoken excuses and repentance, and an awful thought of how she would probably dine alone for the major part of her existence (save during Tom's vacations) took the spring out of her figure and the flavor out of the food with which Fletcher, wearing an air of the deepest reproach, served her.

When she suggested that something should be kept hot for his master, he acquiesced with a reserve that said as plainly as possible: "You drove him out—how can you expect him to return?" while his aggrieved eyes seemed to ask: "What have you been doing to your youngest child now? You have upset him and he will go without his dinner, and be made ill, and really, ma'am, considering the life you have led him lately, you had ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"Our youngest child," that was the colonel's nickname, invented by Mary in a moment of hilarity, and the name had stuck to him, and the old servants knew of it, and its suitability was thoroughly recognized by everyone throughout the house.

A born student, he had been thrust, much against his will, into the army in early youth so that he found himself called upon to display those qualities in which nature had made him most deficient.

But in comparatively early middle life he was able to throw aside the trappings and habits that he abhorred, and settle down with Mary among the books that he loved, books that overflowed both the town and country houses between which they passed their time very pleasantly, and without regard to those fashionable periods for migration that governed their less fortunate neighbors.

Probably no one would have called them an ideal pair, but they had been a thoroughly comfortable one, though neither was aware of how entirely indispensable one was to the other. And now, after nearly twenty years of married life, the thread of their slow-winding happiness had broken off sharp, or rather, as Mary said to herself, it had been cut in twain by her own sharp tongue in less than a minute. But could it not be knitted together again, aye, and so that the joint should be neither seen nor felt?

Mary was (that sweetest hall-mark of a noble mind) forgiving, and when Fletcher had finally shut the door on her, with a subdued sternness that said he shut her in to her own reflections, and much consolation might they bring her, she began to make excuses for her absent man until gradually all his faults dwindled, and were swallowed up in the enormity of her own.

Even Lady Blanche receded, and only that morning she had seemed to stand there in the very flesh between husband and wife! And if a woman ever has any doubt about possessing a heart, let her be really jealous. Then a long, darting skewer will run through a bit of her anatomy, and she will know.

She thought of the gradual change that had come over him of late, of how easily she had discovered that he was hiding something from her of which he was both sorry and ashamed, so that often he found it impossible to meet her eyes with those blue ones of his, that were usually guileless as a child's.

Tom used to say that to draw his father's attention to outside matters when he was engaged in abstruse meditation was like watching the dawn of reason in the eyes of a baby: first a gleam, then a slow wavering light, then partial comprehension, and finally a satisfied and clear awakening.

This absence of mind made him peculiarly liable to imposture of all descriptions, and Mary viewed his occasional visits to the city with the deepest mistrust, for if he did get an idea, poor innocent, it was pretty sure to be a wrong one, and tolerably certain to bring him to grief. These visits, however, had lately been entirely overlooked in Mary's dumfounded amazement at one day finding him tucked comfortably into Lady Blanche Jessup's lounge, a cup of tea in one hand, a piece of muffin in the other and upon his comely face a look of complete satisfaction such as latterly it had never worn at home.

"John!" she gasped, but the deluded man had not even the grace to seem ashamed of himself, and presently she found that this dropping-in process had been going on a considerable time, and in telling her Lady Blanche had laughed—not triumphantly, but as if she were intensely amused at either husband or wife—possibly both.

Lady Blanche was a bit of a gambler on the stock exchange, and occasionally carried on some exceedingly risky operations, in which, or reported lies, she lost none of her own, and a great deal of her friends' money, and Mary, though not at all conversant with current chronicles and scandals, was aware of this, and knew that her husband's pocket stood in equal danger with his heart.

And she naturally disliked and mistrusted this emphatically nineteenth century woman, with whom she had never been on terms of more than slight acquaintance, and with whom she had not an idea or taste in common; while no doubt from the bottom of her soul the other despised one who could be perfectly charming and lovable, but never by any possibility "smart," that word of magic which covers with its aglets every bad, wicked and outrageous act that a woman now-a-days can commit. And in thinking of her tonight, Mary could not imagine where the attraction in her lay for John Anderson.

Long as she had looked into that simple, sincere, faithful soul, she had found only reverence for good women and pity, but no contempt for bad ones, and so far as she could tell, only two human figures had loomed large through the abstraction in which he lived and they were herself and their only surviving son, Tom.

Mary took a sip of coffee, glancing uninterestedly at the letters that lay on the white cloth, then gave a cry of pleasure, for there was one from Tom, and several obvious cards of invitation, and one other letter that immediately fastened her attention.

There was such an air of business, legal business, about it.

What possible business could there be for anyone to write to her about? and she knew even less of business than the "youngest child."

There was a fatherly old lawyer who attended to all the money affairs of these two babes in the wood, and managed indeed very excellently for them, and if he ever wrote, it was to the husband, not the wife, and this was not his handwriting.

And John had said this morning, he was going to his solicitors.

she repeated the words over in a strange little whisper to herself and this letter was not from them—what could it be? She stretched her hand out at last, and took it. As she read its contents, a horrible, creeping feeling seemed to stir through her brain, and a coldness as of death numbed her fingers and spread upward to her heart. She read it once, knowing what it was, but not understanding. She read it a second time without believing what it said, then came complete comprehension, and she sat as one who no longer breathed, frozen in her place.

It was from a firm of lawyers

whose name she had never heard, and it was very short, very much to the purpose, and almost brutal in its plainness.

It said that Colonel Anderson had that day requested them to draw up a deed of separation between him and his wife, by which her own income and Pigeonwick were to be hers, for her separate use and maintenance, out of which were to be defrayed the expenses of Mr. Tom Anderson, now at Oxford. That the house in Harley street, with its contents, save such things that actually belonged to herself, were to belong solely to the colonel, also his income from half-pay, and all private property whatsoever. Such servants as she required, Mrs. Anderson was desired to select, and take with her to Pigeonwick, and finally she was courteously desired to make all her arrangements as speedily as possible, as Colonel Anderson had arranged to go abroad immediately.

Oh! with what cruel, what indecent haste was he hurrying to be rid of her, giving not even time to her in which to draw breath!

The humble words of prayer for forgiveness that had trembled all that day on Mary's lips were driven back and choked by the deep burning sense of injustice succeeding that first speechless anguish in her soul.

... would he have dared to turn even a servant out so abruptly, without giving her a chance of begging forgiveness for the fault she had committed?

But a wife is an upper servant who cannot even claim the right of giving or receiving a month's warning, who has no wages, no perquisites, and is never expected to be ill, or cross or unfit for her duties from year's end to year's end.

Mary had for some time ceased to tremble, and now she rose up and walked, with the dignity that sometimes comes with a great calamity, upstairs.

It seemed to her that she stayed for hours upon hours in the dainty rooms, sweet with flowers and gay with the many gleamings of a delightful taste, and the treasures that accumulated naturally in a house that had been dwelled in many years.

There hung his portrait, as good-looking and sweet-tempered a young fellow then as ever wore the uniform of the "Pinks." Yonder were the miniatures of the children who had died, and of the little girl, over whose death John had grieved most of all, and a look of whose hair he wore always next his heart. Mary looked at them all, with that proud anger still in her breast, and Lady Blanche's face very clear and distinct before her, and when at last she went upstairs, she was proud and angry and irreconcilable still, and it was with a sense of relief that, missing her maid, Mrs. Fletcher, she remembered she had given the woman a holiday to go into the country to see her child, remaining until the next day.

When she had got into her dressing-gown, and was brushing out her abundant, curly brown hair, she suddenly heard some one moving softly in the adjoining dressing-room, and stood still, with beating heart to listen.

It was not John, but Fletcher. She opened the door partly, and called to him.

"What are you doing, Fletcher?" she said.

"I have had a telegram from master, ma'am saying he would be very late, and I had better prepare the dressing-room for him to-night."

She shut the door softly, and went back.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Subterranean London.

It gives an impressive idea what subterranean London is fast becoming to learn that on emerging from the river the new City and Waterloo line will, in its passage up Queen Victoria street, run for a part of the way underneath the low level main sewer, which in its turn runs along beneath the District Underground railway. So that at this point in the city we shall have first a busy main thoroughfare, below that a steam railway, then a huge metropolitan sewer, then an electric railway, reaching its terminus at a depth of sixty-three feet below the streets, and here it will communicate with another line—the Central London—which will lie at a depth of eighty feet.

What May It Cost in the End?

The servant girl problem is being worked out in the New Haven courts. Mrs. Hendee heard her domestic complaining about her hard work and discharged her on the spot, offering her \$2, the balance of wages to the end of the week. The girl demanded a week's notice or a week's pay and refused the \$2. Mrs. Hendee tucked the bill in the girl's dress and pushed her from the house. A justice has given judgment against the housekeeper for \$25 and an appeal is pending.

The Frigate Bird.

Though the petrel is swift, the frigate bird is far swifter. Seamen generally believe that the frigate bird can start at daybreak with the trade winds of the coast of Africa and roost the same night upon the American shore. Whether this is a fact has not yet been conclusively determined, but it is certain that this bird is the swiftest of winged creatures, and is able to fly under favorable circumstances, 200 miles an hour.

Real Rose Trees.

At Cologne there is a rose tree which is believed to be 300 years old and has a trunk of four feet in circumference. California has one at Ventura which is now three feet in circumference at the ground. It was only planted in 1876 and now covers 2,000 feet.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

FEMININITIES.

It is calculated that 27,000 widowers remarry, as against 13,500 widows.

Marie—Is that Chollie's sister? Louise—No; he hasn't proposed yet.

Adam was the first odd fellow, but when he took Eve into partnership, he ceased to be of the independent order.

Mrs. Upperten, to conductor of the band—Oh, Mr. Kapellmeister, please play that adagio a little faster—the soup is ready to be served.

Immigrant—At last I am in free America! A man can do pretty much as he pleases in this country, "can't he? Native—Y-e-s—unless he's married!

"In that trouble about the money being lost Blinks didn't act like a man." "What could he have done that he didn't." "Blamed it on his wife."

"I see Miss Sanders and Miss Smiley are always together. What dear friends they must be!" "Not at all, you see, each of them has an unmarried brother."

It is rumored that childless millionaire Russell Sage will build a monument to himself by leaving in his will a fortune of over \$25,000,000 in philanthropic bequests.

NICOTINIZED NERVES.

The Tobacco Habit Quickly Broken and Nerve Forces Restored—A Boon to Humanity.

A number of our great and most inveterate tobacco smokers and chewers have quit the use of the filthy weed. The talismanic article that does the work is no-to-bac. The reform was started by Aaron Giorber, who was a confirmed slave for many years to the use of tobacco. He tried the use of no-to-bac, and to his great surprise and delight it cured him. Hon. C. W. Ashcom, who had been smoking for sixty years, tried no-to-bac and it cured him. Col. Samuel Stoutener, who would eat up tobacco like a cow eats hay, tried this wonderful remedy, and even Samuel, after all his years of slavery, lost the desire. J. C. Cobler, Leasing Evans, Frank Dell, George R. May, C. O. Skillington, Hanson Robinson, Frank Hershberger, John Shinn and others have since tried no-to-bac and in every case they report not only a cure of the tobacco habit, but a wonderful improvement in their general physical and mental condition, all of which goes to show that the use of tobacco had been injurious to them in more ways than one.—From the Press, Everett, Pa.

Working without a plan is a waste of strength.

There are some very good people who love to tell news.

A great deal of stealing is being done that does not go by that name.

How's This!

We offer \$100 reward for any case of catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's catarrh cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., proprietors, Toledo, Ohio.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all his business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, wholesale druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
Walling, Kinnaman & Marvin, wholesale druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
Hall's Catarrh cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Visitor, to Jones, at 11 p. m.—That young lady in the house across the way sings like a bird. Jones, unkindly—Well, not altogether. You see, a bird stops singing at night.

Henry Schoenhals, foreman Henry Krug Packing Co., St. Joseph, Mo., uses Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil with his men for sprains, cuts, bruises, chapped hands, etc. It is the best.

A counterfeit is always proclaiming at the top of its voice that there is a genuine.

Egotism always looks at his "neighbor" through the wrong end of the telescope.

Satan acts worse in satin than in rags.

Sure Cure for Sprain, Bruise or Hurt!
Use **ST. JACOB'S OIL**
You'll Use it Always for a Like Mishap.

CALIFORNIA

Weekly Overland Parties—Personally Conducted—In New Pullman Upholstered Tourist Sleeping Cars, without change, leave Chicago every Thursday for all points on the Pacific Coast. For particulars address **JUDSON & CO., 195 South Clark St., Chicago.**

LINE

The "LINE" are the Best and Most Economical Collars and Cuffs worn; they are made of fine cloth, both sides finished alike, and, being reversible, one collar is equal to two of any other kind. They fit well, wear well and feel well. A box of Ten Collars or Five Pairs of Cuffs for Twenty-Five Cents.
A Sample Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for Six Cents. Name and style and address. **REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY, 77 Franklin St., New York. 37 Kilby St., Boston.**
W. N. U., D.-XII-40.
When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention this Paper.

A flirt is finally the only fool left.

"Hanson's Single Corn Salve." Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

The devil himself fears a she devil.

Karl's Clover Root Tea. The great blood purifier, giving richness and clearness to the complexion and cures Constipation. 25c, 50c, \$1.

Small farms yield the biggest crops.

Cox's Cough Balsam. Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

A brute driver makes a balky horse.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. WOOD'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

It is better to run the shoes down at the heel than to be too lax to walk. Thinking well is wise, planning well wiser, doing well wisest and best of all.

FOR RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, NEURALGIA, CHAMM and COLIC there is no remedy superior to the genuine Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil.

There are too many people who won't know what giving means by experience.

It takes both grace and grit to get along pleasantly with people who never make mistakes.

THE SECRET ART OF BEAUTY lies not in cosmetics, but is only in pure blood and a healthy performance of the vital functions, to be obtained by using Burdock Blood Bitters.

The largest and most famous ruby in the world forms part of the Imperial state crown made for Queen Victoria in 1838. It is believed that this ruby was worn in front of the helmet of Henry Fifth at Agincourt.

In thousands of cases the cure of a cough is the preventive of consumption. The surest cough medicine in the world is Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Sold by all dealers on a guarantee of satisfaction.

No tears are shed when the man lies who has lived only for himself.

No man is good who has come to the conclusion that he is good enough.

Truth always travels in the middle of the road, no matter whom it meets.

TAKE STEPS

In time, if you are a sufferer from that scourge of humanity known as consumption, and you can be cured. There is the evidence of hundreds of living witnesses to the fact that, in all its early stages, consumption is a curable disease. Not every case, but a large percentage of cases, and we believe, fully 95 per cent, are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Discovered, even after the disease has progressed so far as to induce repeated bleedings from the lungs, severe lingering cough with copious expectoration (including tubercular matter), great loss of flesh and extreme emaciation and weakness.

Do you doubt that hundreds of such cases reported to us as cured by "Golden Medical Discovery" were genuine cases of that dread and fatal disease? You need not take our word for it. They have, in nearly every instance, been so pronounced by the best and most experienced home physicians, who have no interest whatever in misrepresenting them, and who were often strongly prejudiced and advised against a trial of "Golden Medical Discovery," but who have been forced to confess that it surpasses, in curative power over this fatal malady, all other medicines with which they are acquainted. Nasty cod-liver oil and its filthy "emulsions" and mixtures, had been tried in nearly all these cases and had either utterly failed to benefit, or had only seemed to benefit a little for a short time. Extract of malt, whiskey, and various preparations of the hypophosphites had also been faithfully tried in vain.

The photographs of a large number of those cured of consumption, bronchitis, lingering coughs, asthma, chronic nasal catarrh and kindred maladies, have been skillfully reproduced in a book of 150 pages which will be mailed to you on receipt of address and six cents in stamps. You can then write to those who have been cured and profit by their experience.

Address for Book, **WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.**

Burlington Route HARVEST EXCURSIONS
SEPT. 11th, SEPT. 25th, OCT. 9th
On these dates Round-Trip Tickets will be sold from Chicago, Peoria, St. Louis, and other stations on the C. B. & Q. R. R. to the principal cities and farming regions of the Northwest, West and Southwest
AT LOW RATES
Many connecting railways will also sell Harvest Excursion Tickets, on same terms, over this route. The undersigned, or any agent of the Burlington Route, and most ticket agents of connecting railways east of the Mississippi River, will supply applicants with Harvest Excursion folders giving full particulars.
F. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Agent and Ticket Agent, CHICAGO, ILL.